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TRAVELLING THOUGHTS,

BY WILLIAM DANBY, ESQ.

OF SWINTON PARK, YORKSHIRE.

Iter vitæ in varia itinera,
Huc et illuc directa, partitum est.
Flores passim, qui vult, carpat;
Bene erit, si fructus gignunt salubres.

EXETER:

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PREFACE.

I WISH to begin this little work with an earnest address to my readers, endeavouring to persuade them to enjoy one of the great amusements of life, viz., change of scene, which they cannot do if they hurry over a country, be it what it will, with a speed that justifies the French observation, that "an Englishman travels as if he was running away from himself." We should remember Horace's maxim, "Cœlum non animum mutat," &c.; and we should therefore carry with us a "mind" that is capable of making every thing a source of rational enjoyment, which it will, "si quod petit, in se est:" and no one, in running from one place to another, "se quoque fugit." An air-blown bladder may roll, but will carry nothing but its wind along with it, and still will be the bladder it was, roll and "rattle" as it may, with all the "beans" that can be put into it.

Life, however, is not all composed of such bladders, and as it is itself a journey, we must make each lesser journey in it a source of as much rational pleasure as circumstances will admit of, that we may enjoy life itself, and, what is far more important, the happiness of another life, which our passage through this ought to prepare us for. While here we remain, then, let us "possess our souls" in the manner and by the means which St. Paul recommends; let us possess them in the "patience" * which alone can enable us to do it, and which will "sweeten any bitter" that may be "thrown into the cup of life," and will, by its "predominancy," give it "the taste of heaven;" and let us so "rejoice" in our anticipation of it here. This is true philosophy, nay more, it is true religion, which gives to a well-disposed mind a joy that nothing else can give, and that nothing can take away: it is in the mind itself, and it emanates from Him who

> ——— is ever present, ever felt,
> In the void waste, as in the city full:
> And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

* And vigilance.

DEDICATION.

I CANNOT better dedicate these few sheets than to one who has been, for above nine years past, the beloved and affectionate companion of my journey in life, as she has now been of my journey to a place, from whence, after passing some little time in the society of her friends and relatives there and in its neighbourhood, we hope to return to our delightful abode in Yorkshire; making a visit, in our way, to a very near and dear relative at St. Leonard's Hill, to whom I dedicated a former work, and who is now a lonely widow, surrounded indeed by friends, who but imperfectly make up the loss of a beloved and now lamented husband. When, if it so pleases God, we are arrived at our home, we shall hope that some of my readers will add to our enjoyments there that of their society, associating with it our mutual

congratulations on the benefits which we may trust are reserved for our highly favoured country, when the principles of its excellent constitution, acknowledged as they are by the highest ranks among us, shall have been practically, and with a correspondent theory, established on the broad and solid basis of a pure and well-chosen Representation, in which the conscience only of each Representative will be bound, and his judgment left free; as an example for other countries to follow. I cannot better complete the sum of all these reasons for my thankfulness, than by this effusion of it, adding this further testimony of my regard for her, whose happiness is united with mine, and who will allow me to subscribe myself,

Her most affectionate Husband,

WILLIAM DANBY.

Plymtree Rectory, May 20th, 1831.

To my wish that this country may set an example to others, of which I have presumed on the consequences, I may add, quod post reformationem factam, venturum sperare poterimus; et quoniam nos

"toto divisos orbe Britannos"

politicus ille facere nequit, nec optare debet, manet nos et "decus et tutamen" totius Europæ, immo mundi esse, admirationem non sine invidiâ ad nos attrahentes, et pacem gladio servantes, non bellum minitantes, suscitantesve: exemplum ad imitandum, non in terrorem, cæteris populis præbentes. Sic in beneficium humanum, non in perniciem, potestatem nostram vertemus; sic "intacti Britanni" manebimus, et "portum fortiter occupabimus," servabimusque, aliis populis portum, in quo tuti omnes stabunt, æque præbentes: sic nos generis humani benedicta, non maledicta sequentur: sic historia nostra scriptorum futurorum laudibus emeritis tollenda erit; et sic Deus omnipotens, æternus, beneficia, laudesque illas longâ prosperitate coronabit. Hæc omnia ut fiant, fervidis precibus obtineamus.

[The following is a translation of the preceding Latin :]—

That after a reformation has been made, we may hope for the attainment of them ; and since no politician can make us "Britons be separated from the rest of the world," nor ought to wish it, it remains that we shall be the ornaments and protectors, not only of all Europe, but also of the whole world, attracting the admiration of it to us, though not without envy ; keeping peace with the sword, not menacing nor stirring up war ; affording to other people an example to follow, not to avoid. So shall we use our power for the benefit, not the injury of mankind : so shall we remain "unhurt Britons," and we shall both "seize" and firmly retain possession of "the harbour," affording an equal harbour for all to remain safe in ; so will the blessings, not the curses of mankind, follow us ; so will our history be deservedly exalted by the praises of future writers ; and so will the omnipotent and eternal God crown these praises with a long prosperity. That all this may happen to us, let us obtain by our earnest prayers.

There may be some eloquence, and not bad Latinity, in the above tirade and rhetorical flourish, but after all, it is mere amplification

and wire-drawing; and though it may have the solidity as well as the ductility of gold wire, it should neither be drawn out to too great a tenuity, nor spread out into leaves that will be too thin to hide the worthless surface they may happen to cover. Swift has shewn this, in his "Meditations on a Broomstick," different as they are from Dryden's masterly prefaces, which,

> "Though merely writ at first, by filling,
> To raise the volume's price a shilling,"

well deserve the assertion that

> "Them the critics much confide in."

If I am to follow "those two worthies," it must be "proximus his, longo sed proximus intervallo." My reader, however, will not say of me, carpit anhelus iter. But not to put him and myself too much out of breath, I will change my pace in saying, that eloquence shews itself in strewing flowers on the simple and unbroken ground of truth, or the crooked paths of falsehood, as Milton has made Belial do. I may have done the former with similar, though not equal pretensions, to those that Dryden had. For further amplification, and without halting, I will say, that we are still taken with the gilding that pleased us in our childhood; and as our "reading" was "made easy" to us by it

it then, so it is now made pleasant to us grown children, ad aures nostras titillandas, by instructing and enlightening us in the sterling and unalloyed language of truth, or dazzling and perverting us by the tinsel glare of falsehood. I feel that I have chosen the former, as the proper way to the improvement which the times require; and have I not a "multitude of counsellors" on my side? Prejudices, fears, and interests, indeed, there are on the other; but on which are we to look for reason? Dicant, qui dicere possunt.

That my reader might not think that my Dedication, addressed as it is to a lady, was too verbose with the addition that has just followed it, I have separated the latter from the former, perhaps as a proof that a multiplicity of words may supply the place of meaning, or may serve to bury the little of it there is under them; but there is a pretty evident meaning in making them a ridicule of what they imitate; this is the "Ridiculum acri," &c. My reader, however, whether his political opinions agree with mine or not, will, I hope, allow, that my declaration of them is not without meaning, serious as it certainly is, and perhaps reasonable, as I hope the event will prove, to the extent which I have ventured to predict. I think the paucity of danger in this case will

justify some ridicule of the apprehension of it, and I wish that I could succeed in laughing others out of their fears (I speak only of fears, for other influences may be too adherent,) as I am presumptuous enough to think I have a right to attempt it. If my reader should require the detail of my reasons for treating the subject in this manner, I think I need only to refer him to much better heads than mine, and I believe I may say to the majority of the people of this country, declared as their opinion is, or soon will be, on a subject in which they are so greatly interested, and have, as well as the Constitution itself, been so much injured. To that we may chiefly ascribe the alarm they give us.

I wish only to detain my reader with a comparison between my, and, I may presume, his favourite poets, Virgil and Horace, of whom the former, as I trust he will agree with me, is much the most agreeable and suitable vade nobiscum for our journey: for his

> "Parturit almus ager, zephyrique tepentibus auris
> Laxant arva sinus," &c.

and much more his addresses to the

> "Gaudentes rure Camænæ;"

his description of the delights of a country life, which the "Fortunati nimium, sua si bona

norint" enjoy; his sublime ones of the storms, &c.; his mention of the omnipresence of Him to whose boundless agency he ascribes the

"Ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,"

though he refuses to acknowlodge His agency in giving to the

"Lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi,"

the

"Divinitus illis
Ingenium, et rerum fato prudentia major;"

yet all these indicate something more and higher than the "molle atque facetum" that Horace limits his encomium on his friend Virgil to; much as he esteemed him "animæ dimidium suæ." Indeed the "divinæ particula auræ" in Horace had not the elevation of Virgil's: it was a strange and discordant mixture of sentiment and sensuality; though it gave him a right to say

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice;

and

"Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam;"

to say to his "rustica Phidyle,"

"Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus,"

and to say of himself,

> " Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,
> Insanientis dum sapientiæ
> Consultus erro ; nunc retrorsum
> Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
> Cogor relictos"——

to pour out his moral and religious exhortations and effusions to his serious or lively friends, mixing them indeed with his Bacchanalian orgies, his

> " Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero ;"

his

> " Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra e
> Oderit curare," &c.——

his amatory and sensual effusions, that sunk him even below the " Epicuri de grege porcum ;" these made him very inferior in purity and delicacy to Virgil,—an inferiority indeed that he, perhaps, would have had the frankness to acknowledge, and in some measure to atone for by that frankness. Both, however, Deists as they were at the best, wanted the elevation that inspired the Evangelists, and which that inspiration alone, breathed as it was into them by their Divine Master and the revelations of his Gospel, could give them. The strains of Virgil and Horace, and even the more licentious

ones of Ovid, Catullus, &c. were a kind of preparation for the softening and vivifying effects of Christianity, in realizing the

> " Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros ;"

as were the purer and more moral lessons of Cicero and Seneca, unequal indeed to those which had the higher aids of Christianity to enable their writers to give. The inspirations of all Apollo's Muses fell far short of what animated the addresses and aspirations of the Evangelists, and even of the half Christian David, mixt as are the feelings of his Psalms with the invocations of curses on his enemies, while the Evangelists, on the contrary, or rather their Divine Master, enjoin us to love ours. But to return to our heathen poets, of whom we will begin with Horace in addressing these

TRAVELLING THOUGHTS.

I.

"Ecce iterum Crispinus," reader, who may say to you, "vive," but not yet "vale," for he hopes that you will be his Compagnon de voyage, and that he shall keep you from sleeping. And so we will begin our journey from Brighton, on this 27th of April, 1831, dies albo lapide notanda, for it is a very fine one, enlivening the bleak and dreary hills of Sussex, which, however, make us feel that nothing gives a more general interest, and makes it supersede all other causes of it, than its being in the natale solum or the domus familiaris; inhabited and cultivated as these hills are, as well as the uninviting tracts of Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, &c., which acquire a new beauty by the attention and improvement bestowed upon them; whatever it is, such a "Home is indeed a home, though never so homely." But the expanse of sea and land views hardly admits of an equal expansion of attachment. In the former there is no verdure, no change but between motion and rest, no

beauty or variety of form, no sound but the roar of waves, no spread of scenery but one uniform expanse, which indeed impresses on the mind the greatness of its Creator, who gave their varied forms to all His works, and saw that "all was good." But to return to our first object. The next to domestic, local, natal, and habitual attachments, are the social, all which may be comprised in the name of patriotic. These social principles, with the convenience of situation, induce men to fix their habitations by the road side, for the sight and hearing of their fellow creatures who pass by, and even for the inhalement of the dust which is "kicked up" by them or the animals which they use in their conveyances. If they pay a little more attention to natural beauty, or perhaps to their own vanity, they place the houses a few yards backwards from the road, to have gardens before them, and perhaps an approach to the house. These expedients supply the place of the more solitary enjoyments, which a greater distance from the paths of men would confine them to, and of which they dread the fancied melancholy, striving also to avoid it by the less rational or innocent resources of drinking, vociferating, sometimes oaths and execrations, unmeaning though inspiriting as they are. For this too they often leave their homes (another reason perhaps for choosing the situation of them), to

run away from themselves, as the more reasonable, though more talkative Frenchmen reproach us thinking Englishmen with doing. What disgrace do we bring on ourselves when thus we neglect all the best uses that our reason was given us for, and change them for others in which reason is not used, but abused! For no conversation can be rational, without a preparation for it, by the recollections or suggestions of solitude.

II.

Iter faciens ad Worthing. What an effect a little change for the better in a scene has upon us! what then may we expect when amelioration has arrived at its utmost height? But when can we enjoy our existence more on earth, than when we feel in Whom "we live and move and have our being?" When sunshine illumes the spring which He gives us again? But this is not felt by those who sacrifice their mental to their momentary sensual enjoyments; the 'corpus onustum" has no terrors for them. Is it because they have no "divinæ particula auræ," to be "affixa humo?"

III.

Our friends sometimes think that we are too apparently well, and in too great spirits to be really well; shall we believe them or our own

feelings? But excitement is dangerous; well, but from whence does it proceed? Must the body be in a fever, because the mind is in a state of animation? I could almost say, welcome then such a fever; but

Mi sento bene; dunque sto bene:

Mount then, divinæ particula auræ! Mount, and enjoy the delightful Spring, looking up to Him from whom it comes, by whom it is maintained.

IV.

The stomach of a man in health is like the sea, which receives all that is thrown into it, revolves, digests it, and wants no other cloaca but itself. The stomach ought not to receive, but only to discharge impurities. O gentle reader, excuse these hasty deglutitions and excretions: I am at breakfast, allow of quickly swallowed and half digested thoughts; my exterior I promise you shall be clean, and will not the interior clean itself? The rapidity of my pen shall not affect my stomach. Worthing, April 28.

V.

No colours can be beautiful when they have no light to reflect, and no light can give them beauty equal to that of the sun. Witness the gloomy sky of to-day.

VI.

A man may have cupidity with which Cupid has nothing to do, (excuse this pun, gentle reader,) nor his mother Venus neither; Plutus may possess him with all his treasures; Mars, that powerful god, may rouse him into action; Vulcan may encase him with "robur et æs triplex;" Bacchus and Silenus may give him all the madness of ebriety; Pan and his Satyrs, and Comus with them, may brutalise him with sensuality; Mercury may teach him the lightness of a foot-racer, and the dexterity of a thief; and finally Apollo, "magnus Apollo," may surround him at or after dinner with all the Graces and all the Muses; and after all, Satan may add his own to the mixture of all the bad qualities of the Heathen Mythology: so alloyed, so vicious are human systems.

VII.

April 28th. We saw Arundel Castle, a very fine old building, and felt that there is as much interest in the concentrated but not unconnected dignity of a private nobleman's family, if not more than in the more elevated and expanded magnificence of a royal one. The magnificence of the latter is almost lost in its expansion, which generalises and removes it from our sight almost as much as that of the "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." It is of little im-

portance what was the origin of the Ruler of a Country, of which Buonaparte was an instance. Personal dignity makes the "King's name a tower of strength."

VIII.

A poetical imagination will imperceptibly give a poetical turn and expression to all its productions:

"Et quod tentabit scribere, versus erit."

Such imaginative creatures we are, excited as are our imaginations.

IX.

The mind of man, though not creative, which supreme power alone can be, is highly generative, no doubt to enable it to contemplate the wonderful works of the Creator, and His consequent Attributes;* and as man is the image of Him, he of course has the faculties given him that dispose and enable him to admire and adore his great Original and Creator. If he loses himself in the vastness and multiplicity of his conceptions, it is to keep him in awe and in hope; if he has the power given him to neglect or misuse his faculties, it is to exercise his responsibility; if his use or misuse of them is rewarded or

* And to multiply the ideas they excite.

punished, it is to fulfil the ends of justice; if the rewards are greater and the punishment less than either deserve, it is to fill the room left for benevolence and for mercy. O man, how much art thou the object of thy Almighty Father's regard! What should be thy fear when thou contemplatest His power and His justice; and what thy gratitude, when that fear may be lost in love! Thy best qualities assimilate thee to thy Divine Maker, and in loving them, thou lovest Him also. What motives then can there be wanting to excite those feelings?

X

"A burnt child dreads the fire:" unburnt we fear not its vicinity; we are not prepared for inexperienced misfortunes, such as we, or rather our servants have just experienced. "De Southampton, famulis furtim spoliatis, exituri. April 29th. I fear that in this town, as in Rome, according to Tacitus, "Cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt, celebranturque." At least if we may judge from what we have experienced; and Southampton may be—"the needy villain's general home" as well as London, from whence our plunderers may have come, as London is the head quarters of them and their fraternity. "Hæc opprobria tam vero ut metuam, de Christianis (ut seipsos appellant) modernis quam falso de primitivis dici

possunt, Tacito dicente." Tacitus was aware of the vices of the Romans, when he sought to exculpate them, by imputing those vices to the Christians, who were prepared to meet the charge, and all the torments that followed it. by the sanctity of their religion, and by the support that was given them from above. They willingly shed their "blood, as a seed of the Church."

XI.

We have passed the marshy flats of the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, the more extensive than beautiful (except near Southampton water) New Forest, and are come to the Dorsetshire hills. Yes, the objects they present to us, in all their native bleakness and bareness, are interesting, highly interesting, by their antiquity, as the Barrows, Camps, &c. But what is that antiquity or that interest, in comparison with the far higher, infinite, and eternal interest,

Writ in the skies, repeated in the Bible?

Strong is the proof, when one thing proves another, but stronger still, when one thing proves itself; and of that proof the Bible is an instance.

XII.

Minor beauties do not attract the attention of the vulgar; they are not the "vulgi solatia;"

nor even the greater beauties of nature, for while they admire greatness, they also admire the littleness and formal regularity of art, and they cannot soar beyond the narrow limits of man's works, to the elevation and expansion of those of nature. But again, the sea presents itself, and we look down on it, and the pleasingly situated town of Lyme and its beautiful neighbourhood, Charmouth, &c. At Lyme we have visited the extraordinary collection of fossils, made by that no less extraordinary young woman, Miss Anning, who by her self-taught knowledge has attracted the attention of the Geological World. She indeed seems to have been providentially preserved* for our instruction in the hitherto recondite parts of nature, and to teach us that to be kept in awe, we must be kept in uncertainty. We have a revelation given to us, that we cannot fully comprehend, and that sometimes raises our doubts by staggering and confounding our reason: but we should recollect that all is possible with God: that infinite benevolence may display itself in infinite creations, successive and varied as they may be, and conducive to the successive happiness of His creatures; that time may have always existed, but divided into portions of eter-

* Two or three of her family were struck dead by lightning, when she, then a child, was with them.

nity, (and time only can have a "beginning") in which the power and goodness of God has been continually displayed. Power, we may suppose, will be always in action, otherwise how could the attributes of perfection be manifested? There may be mansions of the living and the dead, or rather of beings transferred from one part of the universe to another; and both may be infinite: there may be places where time is, and where it is not; our earth is one of the former, as probably are all the revolving celestial bodies. There may be gradations of which we know nothing, and possibilities whose bounds we cannot guess at. The infinity of One, in short, must comprehend that of all.

"Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum."

And infinity is required for an infinite Being to exist and to act in. God, therefore, is in all, and all is in Him; but that all is not, as Spinosa foolishly imagined, God itself. But Spinosa fancied that nothing could exist, but what he saw; or at least that there could be no other existence but what was similar to that of man. This was indeed approaching near to the Heathen Mythology in its worst shape, if not to the Egyptian worship of leeks, &c. As to ourselves, we may endeavour as much as we

can to exert our abilities usefully, as this poor girl does; but we cannot foresee our possession of those abilities, still less the increase of them; surely this is a proof that they are given us from above. In our religion we have a free choice given us, between that and any other system that we know or can imagine, and there is enough in ours to determine that choice in a reasonable mind: our faith then will be founded in reason.

I do not see how a determination to resolve all miracles into the effect of natural causes, can be at all consistent with the admission of the power of the Deity, as the first Cause and Creator. It is an approach to Atheism; for to deny Him any of His attributes, is nearly a denial of his existence. If his power is acknowledged in the first instance, the power of destroying, changing, suspending, or making a second creation, or as many as He pleases, must be equally attributed to Him. The discovery of successive creations in the geological researches may therefore be considered as proof of His having those powers, in an infinite and inexhaustible degree, marking, as those creations appear to do, the successive portions of time which has each its "beginning," and which will perhaps continue to succeed one another, till all shall end in eternity.

XIII.

Exeter, April 30.—"Longæ finis chartæque viæque." We arrived here at the end of a nearly uncontested election for this city, and near the eve of one, expected to be equally so, for the county. The general inclination is evidently in favor of a Parliamentary Reform, but differing as to the mode and degree of it. It is to be hoped that the final determination will be moderate and reasonable; for a nation that speaks such a language as the English, plain, though sometimes harsh and violent as it is, cannot well be an unreasonable people, though sometimes led astray by demagogues. They have borrowed the reason of other nations, and it would have been well if they had not borrowed their vices too. But how mixed are the lots of humanity! In this perplexity, we may sometimes be glad to hear dangers exaggerated, as it shews the prejudices and unreasonable fears of the person who does it; and indeed the general attachment to habit, which is expressed in the saying "Let well alone," and the dislike of venturing on untrodden paths, however we may be guided by principle, when any thing is put to apparent hazard, considerably lessens the force of the arguments brought by those who are influenced by them, which a reasoning mind will not always be. But an

unbiassed opinion is scarcely to be met with: indolence is one preventive of it: the "medio tutissimus ibis" may be true, but where shall we find that medium? Indolence will not try.

In this hour, however, of awful suspense, and of an almost equal division between hopes and fears, I will not put to further hazard the agreement which I hope subsists between my reader and myself on moral and religious subjects, by mixing them with political; but will content myself with wishing that all who love their country may alike experience a happy result of a question so important both to its domestic and foreign interests; for which we must say,

Si Deo videbitur.

XIV.

In this, and the journey of life, I have found that there can be no thorough enjoyment without self-possession. How far the common mode of employing the mind (where mind there is), or the crossings and jostlings that it so frequently meets with, admit of it, I will not pretend to say; but the race must be run, and we must hope there will be many winners.

XV.

In making the journey of life, we have no occasion to

> "Beat the ample field;
> Try what the open, what the coverts yield,"

as Pope and Lord Bolingbroke did, in search of game, which we shall be as likely to find, on recollection, in our own closets, after our occasional visits to the haunts of men. A little practice and discipline will make us as sagacious pointers or spaniels as if we had the game constantly in our scent, or directly before our noses, and we can recall them to our memories full as perfectly as the pointer or spaniel does when he is sleeping and dreaming in his kennel, or before the kitchen fire, and we can store them in our writings, as I have endeavoured to do in mine, as well, either entire, or carved into separate parts, and with unmangled limbs, as the cook does the game in her larder, in their natural state, or so dressed as the most fastidious epicure in reading can desire; seasoned too with Attic salt, if we have a sufficient store of that in our mental caskets, and probably with more of that than sugar, which I am afraid would not so well please the critical reader's palate. Spices however we may be sure he would like, to com-

plete a dish that would satisfy the most ardent voracity of any critic in London, Paris, or Edinburgh. Such a feast would have no game laws to spoil the relish of it, no manorial rights, no exclusive privileges rigidly maintained, perhaps for the senseless enjoyment of "battues," which by their violation may now involve the proprietor in the guilt of stimulating the poacher, tempted as he already is, in his progress from crime to crime; for such game, unlike the unjust appropriation of what all, at least those who can afford to purchase it, have a right to share in, would be the general property of all who were mentally qualified to enjoy it, which I am afraid is not generally the case with our Lords of Manors. To those who are not so qualified, the pride of exclusive possession is necessary to make them satisfied with a country residence, where perhaps their utility is but little acknowledged; but let their feelings be what they may, the game laws require a revision and modification, a disengagement from feudal systems, to substantiate a claim to property which is continually changing its owner (feræ naturæ as it is) and owning no real Lord, however it may be connected with other property, which is always stationary. The owner of that may, and will, occasionally change, both by the course of nature, and by adventitious circumstances, but the owner of

game must be continually changing by the nature of the property itself. Thus Game Laws in general must be more or less ineffectual, and the objects of mental enjoyment will require no laws but of the critic's own making. The latter are subject only to the discord of opinion, the former to the more serious discord of proud pretensions, and sensual enjoyments. After this rather prolix discussion, I think I may leave to my other readers an agreeable bait from our cookery, in their journey of life; and in their repose, not sleep after it, they may take the food into their mental stomachs, and ruminate upon it, as well as any of their four-footed fellow creatures, either with or without horns. If they rise satisfied, they will not have travelled with me to no purpose; their mental constitutions will have been both refreshed and invigorated.

XVI.

My thoughts, fugitive as they are in this and my other effusions of them, may be compared to the butterfly, which settles for a moment on a flower without always extracting sweets from it, for it chuses them of all scents and colours. I must not invest mine with the utility there is in Horace's

"Apis matinæ
More modoque,"

nor indeed have they been " operosa carmina." They do not display the resplendent beauties of some of the lepidopterous insects, but I hope they may now and then instil a drop of honey into my reader's breast, and may perhaps enliven it with the sunshine that animates these beautiful children of nature in their floral pursuits. My winged rovers indeed have both been generated and sent forth by the warmth of it in my own mind, and may excite it in my readers', in which they will have the effect of the " southern breeze," so delightfully breathed in Dr. Boyce's music, and like that will " fan"

My " field, where flowers and weeds promiscuous grow,"
That from it, " sweets from every part may flow."

Will this be a Garden of Eden, reader? It will not be " tempting with forbidden fruit," nor will it have the enervating effect of Calypso's enchanted island; if it had it might change me into one of her swine; or at least into one of the " Epicuri de grege porci."

XVII.

The kindly feelings are most awakened by the participation in one common enjoyment; and in none more than that of the beauties of nature, for there can be no rivalry in what there is an ample store of for all who can enjoy it, and what puts no one on a higher level than his

fellows, whose only superiority is in the enjoyment which is most favourable to the feeling of brotherly love, which all must be sensible of, who consider themselves as the sons of One general and universal Father. He has given them the feelings which best prepare them for still higher enjoyments, in

"The bosom of their Father and their God."

Here, meanwhile, all have a common home, though not "an abiding place," which can only be in that long and last home, in which the happiness or misery of each is determined by his conduct in this. Our temporary abodes in the journey of life may each be considered as an inn, or as the Derveish termed it, a "caravansera;" and our occasional sojourns at each of them are like the "baits," which I have endeavoured, in these little travelling effusions, to provide for my readers.

Let us look at the boundless expanse for thought over our heads,—at the numerous and beautiful objects that cover the surface of the earth around us, and then let us say whether there can be any more rational objects of enjoyment than these present.

XVIII.

Some French author has observed, that bad

writers are in mercy allowed to feel a satisfaction which their works do not deserve to give them, as a compensation for the neglect or even contempt with which they are treated by others. Perhaps my readers will allow me to feel this, and even to fancy that I may do myself justice in appealing to my own judgment, from the want of it in less impartial judges, partial as I may be to myself. But my last appeal must be to the public, to whose candour, protracted as the appeal has been, I trust it will not have been made in vain. If they say of this work, as well as of my others, that Horace's rule has been observed in them,

"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet,"

it will be as great a trial as my vanity can be put to, in considering that as an encomium.

XIX.

In expressing our own feelings, we address ourselves of course to those of our readers, which I doubt not I may safely do with mine.

XX.

I know not whether in these and my other "Travelling Thoughts," I may not have thrown a little darkness over the natural or political

sunshine which they are meant to describe or express; but writing may be obscure, or even far-fetched, if it is worth the ruminating upon, or taking a journey for. If it requires time for composition, it also allows the means of understanding it to those who can and will think, which a vivâ voce address does not: in the latter, we may be hurried away by a torrent of words and eloquence; in the former, we have had time to cool before an opinion, which requires no immediate delivery, is formed; nor need we have recourse either to the "ballot," or to the shelter of "universal suffrage," to evade the bold and open delivery of it. If, however, we are not required to engage ourselves immediately, we must consider, that "vox audita perit, litera scripta manet:" this puts our responsibility and our power to fulfil it on a par; this makes us act like men and Englishmen, and we may avoid pledging ourselves to give consent or not; les individus, comme les Rois, peuvent "s'en aviser."

I have to add, that I fear I must acknowledge the parts of this little work to have been rather mal cousues, though I hope my reader will not find it altogether a piece of patchwork: this bad workmanship is owing to my after-thoughts, which therefore I would advise other authors to make their fore ones, for the prevention of

similar expedients, the adoption of which is hardly excusable, even in such a mass of detached and frequently unconnected thoughts as mine.

"Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli."

APPENDIX.

I.

(Note to "Progress from crime to crime," p. 15, l. 10.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for us to attach the due degree of guilt to the commission of any crime, because we cannot trace that crime to its original source, nor say how far temptation will have excused it, which it may, if the submission to it was not voluntary. Our power over ourselves is limited, and others may have at least an equal share in the crimes we commit, either by their participation in them, or by having excited them by the gratification of their own unreasonable and selfish enjoyments.

II.

A practice which has been supported, for what time soever, by habit, must necessarily be liable to abuses, from the various passions and interests of mankind. As, therefore, these will make it and all other human affairs "in pejus ruere, et retro sublapsa referri," it must

have had some prop, some stay, to preserve it from total ruin. For this, I can see no other than principles, and those the first or fundamental principles: a recurrence to these, then, I think can be attended with no danger, as they have been the means of its preservation, and the chief preventives of a further deterioration. If it is said, that men are become no longer fit for such a recurrence, I answer, that it is from the very causes above-mentioned, in which there must necessarily have been an action and re-action, by which the practice, and those who carry it on, corrupt and vitiate each other. Reform one, then, and you reform the other. If neither can be done, you may as well give up all idea of preserving the country, and suffer it to fall into a state into which it is impossible that the goodness or justice of God can ever have meant that it should. As well might we think that He has created all men to be damned, as that He has excited them, which he surely must in that case, to form institutions which contain in themselves the incorrigible (for we are not talking of perfectibility) principles of decay and ruin. Such a progress could be no preparation for the "perfection" which is reserved for "the just in heaven." A previous hell upon earth must finally preclude any such. No, no; if men may "work out their own salvation" (be it "with fear and trembling")

there, they surely may work out the social amendment that must fit each individual, affected as we all are by the example of each other, for it. A hell upon earth (for such would be the extreme of social deterioration), I repeat, can only be a preparation for a hell hereafter. But I could tire my reader, if not myself (I hope I have not yet done either), with arguments to induce him to give up his timid, and in fact almost desponding resource, of "letting (a fancied) well alone," and to put on the more manly garb of hope in Reformation, that sound reason will tell him must fit the rational being whom it is meant to cover;—fit him both for mental and for bodily health—for the part which he is to act in this world, and for his consequent attainment of happiness in the next. The "credere quod habet" will then be scire quod habet, and he will have as strong an inducement to acknowledge and be thankful for the goodness of God, as he has now, and indeed will have under any state, to submit to His decrees. O, Reader, need I add more?

III.

When we say "let well alone," we may often drive the ill from our thoughts, to enjoy the well that our love of ease makes us fancy the existence of: it is our reason then that we

must consult, to ascertain its reality. Neither indolence, prejudice, nor timidity (shall I add, interests ?) will effectually assist us in this enquiry—"Non tali auxilio," &c.

IV.

I have to reproach myself with having omitted in this work the mention of Hirstmonceaux and Pevensey Castles; the former a very old castellated mansion, formerly belonging to the family of Fiennes, the latter little more than a shapeless ruin, of some extent, of a castle once surrounded by a marsh, from which it appears to have derived a strength which must have given it considerable importance. Happily the days which necessitated such means of defence, and probably offence, are past, and nothing is left but the small remains of Monarchical power or Baronial splendour, of despotic or feudal tyranny, that made slaves, vassals, or rebels of those who were subject to it, but which now, diminished as it already is, will soon, we may hope, be changed for a state in which the balance of the three estates will be well established, and each will have its due weight in the general scale. This is the "well" that will deserve to be "let alone," when the "machine" that "works" it is put into its proper order, which may be satisfactorily explained, though it has never yet been practically established;

fer surely the principles on which it is formed may be rationally understood, and our political faith in them justified: the machine itself is not an automaton, nor are the movers of its springs altogether ignorant of those principles, though their practical application of them may have been mistakenly made, and now therefore requires to be corrected, as the errors which are seen may in part at least be, without having recourse either to military authority (the right hand of despotism) or to corrupt influence (the agency of Satanic power), still less to democratic decision (the very Pandæmonium of Satan, his appropriate "Wittenagemote.") The approval of public opinion, the submission to lawful power, may be expressed by contented acquiescence, but cannot be by the senseless clamours of a mob, whose passions, not their reason, are appealed to; nor can it be by the proud satisfaction of that higher order of perverted spirits, whose want of personal worth obliges them to have recourse to the influence of rank or riches, or both united, and discontentedly submitted to; and for these, either the concealment of the ballot, or the shelter of universal suffrage, are miserable substitutes. Real content cannot be consistent with the sacrifice of independence or of moral principle: let us then, as men, speak our real opinion honestly and boldly, not artfully, arrogantly, or pre-

sumptuously: without this, and a correspondent conduct, we cannot do our duty either to God, to our fellow-creatures, or to ourselves.

These are the sentiments which the people of a country ought to have, the superiority of whose Parliamentary Representation is stated in the very respectable Preface to Dr. Memes's translation of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Buonaparte, to be that of twenty-two millions, by a greater number of Members of Parliament, than thirty millions of Frenchmen were represented by, in Buonaparte's time. How much more will this superiority appear, when our representation is improved as it is intended to be, on the principles on which it was originally designed, however fallen short of in practice, to be founded! And how strongly does the French Revolution, and the acts of Buonaparte's reign, shew the superiority of Monarchical and Constitutional England over Republican or Imperial France! How well might the latter, as well as the other Governments of Europe, to say nothing of those of America, remodel themselves on our plan! Never then would they be subject to such a tyranny as Bonaparte's, of which Bourrienne appears to have given an impartial account, particularly of what has been rightly called the Massacre at Jaffa, of no less than four thou-

sand men, for which the only excuse that he leaves the candid reader to make, is, that Buonaparte having still some remains of humanity, and perhaps an equal feeling of the odium which it would cast upon his name, endeavoured as much as he could, to avoid a crime which circumstances brought on by himself, forced him to commit. Merciful God! and was this the man who told one of his visitors at St. Helena, that his memory could not charge him with the commission of any crime? True, his memory, accommodating as it was, hid its recollections under the wide-spread cloak of ambition, the sin by which "fell the angels:" and was not Buonaparte one of Satan's scholars? "dunce" as his "master" was, except in making ambition the "vade mecum" of their progress in crimes, or perhaps some other passion, such as might induce "Hazael" to do the "great thing" which made "a dog" of him, or Nero to commit cruelties, the aversion to which made him wish at the commencement of his reign, that he could not sign the warrant for the death of criminals. What means there may be of avoiding the temptations by which so many "offences come," and which "shut the door of mercy on mankind," we cannot penetrate into the sanctissimum sanctorum of the Supreme Judge to learn; but we must feel the rebound which our attempt to shut that door makes it

give against our hearts, case-hardened as they may be by the "robur et æs triplex" of ambition. Shall I lengthen this list of Satan's scholars by adding to it those who excite the lower classes of this country in their progress from crime to crime, by their ambition to preserve those parliamentary or manorial rights, which a due regard to justice would much better secure to the Peers, Boroughmongers, and Seigneurs de Terreins, in the degree to which it would allow them their enjoyments? I am afraid that the possessions, disturbed as they are, of many both reformers and anti-reformers of various kinds, go much beyond that degree, in this beginning of the career of ambition. Reformandæ sunt igitur omnes hæ leges, et sine Angliæ legum mutatione, sed correctione sola: sic longa integritate manebunt. Then may we say—All hail England, the tutress and protectress of other nations!

V.

We cannot help acknowledging the omnipresence of God: if our "voices" are "tuned" in composing, and our "nerves sustained" in writing, it must be by a Power above us, for we cannot owe it to ourselves, but must to the agency of an efficient cause, which as it acts in all, must be present to and in all, acting indeed through the medium of our reason, which for

bids us to attribute it to any thing but what He has given us, and supports us in the use of. May I not be thankful for this Divine assistance, this accompanyment?

" I cannot go
" Where universal love smiles not around," &c. &c.

The feeling of which denotes the accompanyment. And can I look around me, and not feel it? Can I look at my country, and consider the projected improvements of its Constitution, and not acknowledge the same agency, the same protection? May we not hope for a continuance of it? May we not pity those who do not feel and acknowledge it? Will not the consequences force them to do it? Not against their will surely, if contrary to their expectation; for we cannot wish for a continuance of despondency.

VI.

To what I have said of the Geological discoveries which have been so much assisted by those of Miss Anning, at Lyme Regis, I may add, that another proof of the difference between the animals which then peopled the earth, or rather the seas (for they must either have been aquatic or amphibious) and those which now people it, appears in the fossile remains of what may be called the saurine

genus, of which one has lately been discovered by her, with a very long and narrow mouth or beak, filled with sharp teeth, and with protuberant scales on its body, like those on the back of a skate. These scales too, being on the fossile remains, seem as if the animal itself had little or no flesh. Another proof may, I think, be observed, in the apparent (if we may judge from the want of existent remains) non-existence of the human species, which almost justifies the idea of Monsieur Maillet, that the earth was at first inhabited only by fish, or amphibious animals, and which agrees with what Moses reports the Almighty to have said, "Let us make man after our own image;" and this also agrees with Moses's assigning a "beginning" to a state of things, which was in fact primordial to man, who could have no share in a state of existence prior to his, which to him therefore was altogether extraneous. Thus the Mosaic history agrees as well with the co-existent circumstances, as with the intelligence of man, which was not capable of reaching beyond the sphere of his observation: the rest could not be communicated to him, and he must therefore, both then and now, leave it to the boundless possibility which fits only the power and the intelligence of God. How much does this narrow the comparative limits of our own! and how much does it make all sceptical en-

quiry (which is the literal and proper business of scepticism) subservient to the conclusions which we ought to draw from it! The additions which we make to our knowledge serve only to shew how little is or can be the extent of that knowledge (stimulative as that sense is to the spirit of enquiry, for curiosity is insatiable) and therefore how much we have to trust to information, which is attested by so much comprehensible evidence. God only knows what we are (what He is He has left to our faith in His declarations) and what we are capable of, either as servants to Him, or as assistants to our fellow creatures: in both, we ought to make all the exertions in our power, as this poor Miss Anning does, and as those should do whose enquiries are assisted by her discoveries, which appear to have increased her belief in our religion, and her sense of the protection which has been afforded to her from the dangers she has encountered in making them.

Both the non-existence of light itself, and the sole existence of waters upon the earth's surface, may almost be inferred from God's saying, "Let there be light" &c. and from the passage in Genesis, "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." And supposing even a time when the earth and the solar system itself did not exist, how would either be missed

in the immeasureable extent of infinity? A void there must probably be somewhere, or else the Creator and the Creatures are commensurate, or rather co-infinite. It seems to be more reasonably supposed by some that new creations are still going on, by Him who "can create, or can destroy," as we are told He will, for the exercise (probably) of that power which must be displayed in action, for immutability is a cessation of creative power, and therefore must be peculiar to the power itself. And for these changes, those creations, there must be a field, in which the reason and even the imagination may well lose themselves.

"Say at what point of space Jehovah dropt
His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?
Where rears His terminating pillar high
Its extra mundane head? and says, to Gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,
'I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd, the creation clos'd.'"
&c. &c. &c.

——————"Here human effort ends;
And leaves us still a stranger to his throne."

Night Thoughts, night 9th and last.

Let us then confine our efforts to the performance of our duties; trusting in His mercy, and hoping for higher knowledge hereafter.

VII.

(Sequel to No. XV. p. 16, l. 19.)

..... and I hope enlightened into a conviction, that the right of property in game must always be considered as being loosely connected with the more fixed right of property in land; otherwise it will be a paramount seignory over the freehold property of others, which will always make it disputable, as being, if exercised, always oppressive. It will confound the freeholder with the copyholder, and will be a reservation that never could be justly made, being originally founded in injustice, and submitted to with humiliation. I could not walk into a neighbouring freeholder's ground, with or without my gun in my hand, without being a trespasser: shall I therefore claim as a right what ought to be only a permission? if I invade his right, he may return the invasion upon me with all the violence which he is capable of using. The manorial lord therefore assumes a right which, from the nature of freehold property itself, he cannot justly exercise, and therefore the laws will consider him as a trespasser, for the distinction of meum and tuum, must always be confined to fixed, not extended to moving substances,* which may be "nunc mihi, nunc alii." The law therefore only makes the right to destroy game subservient to the collection of the national revenues, a claim which every man must allow, as every man shares in the benefit of it.

VIII.

Before I take a final leave of my readers, if readers I have, I wish to make some apology for the warmth with which I have expressed my opinions of, and expectations from, the political measures now pursuing. I may have been too sanguine in my hopes, as they, I think, will acknowledge that they may have been too desponding (for to that length many of the opponents of those measures have gone) in their fears of the consequences. Both, I believe, are founded more upon speculation, regulated by the temperament and habits of the speculator, than upon any certain assurance, whichever side the greatest degree of probability and force of consequential reasoning may be upon: this, time will shew, and that trial we have both to undergo. The event is with God: quod nobis visum est, potest visum non esse superis: should that event be disastrous, to Him we must submit; should it be prosperous, what thanks will not the people of this highly-favoured country have to pay to Him for what will have preserved the vigour and established the purity of its excellent Constitution, secured the contentment, loyalty, and I trust I may add the religion of our countrymen, and, to use the terms of our liturgy, placed "upon the best and surest foundations, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and his dominions!"

FINIS.

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ADDENDUM.

Note to "Moving Substances, page 35, line 26.

* This of course will not include cattle, sheep, horses, &c.

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